

THE REPUBLICAN.

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F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

One year in advance \$2.00

Three months in advance \$1.00

Terms of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion \$1.00

Subsequent insertions at 50 cents

One square continued at advertising rates

Large notices at special rates

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES

County Offices \$5.00

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Notations affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements

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SILENT SONGS.

When the song's gone out of your life,
That you thought would last to the end;
That first sweet song of the heart,
That no after-days can lend—
The song of the birds to the trees—
The song of the wind to the flowers—
The song that the heart sings low to itself,
When it wakes in life's morning hours.

You can start no other song,
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air—
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled.
The nightingale sings no more to the rose,
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the broken heart's quivering strings—
Perhaps from the loss of all, you may learn
The song that the heart sings:
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble and rise and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful note
And its lonely yearnings still.

A Faithful Maid.

The blood-red ribbons of the storm
threatening sunset were fluttering in the west;
the huge oak-trees and pines of the
forest were murmuring ominously, and the
one chimney of the small farmhouse on the
edge of the woods sent up its blue column
of smoke, like a cherry hand beckoning to
the way-worn traveler over the hill. And
how bright and gay the interior of the
kitchen looked, as Dora Klein stood on the
threshold, old, hungry and inexpressively
wretched. A little girl, blue-eyed and blonde
haired, scarcely yet sixteen, with a shy
aspect and a shivering mien, she had walked
from the city, seeking vainly for work at
various places she had passed, and now at
nightfall she was nearly discouraged.

"A girl?" said Mrs. Myers, dubiously,
as Dora Klein proffered her meek re-
quest. "I don't know anything about
you."

Mrs. Myers turned to her husband, who
sat by the fire, trotting a two-year-old on
his foot. "What shall I do, James?"
"She's a total stranger," he replied.
"But she looks so weary and worn out,"
said Dora.

"Well, let her come in and stay all
night; a bowl of bread and milk and one
night's lodging won't break us."

So Dora Klein was admitted into the
farmer's small family, and so neat and
handy was she about the place, so quick to
learn and so ready to remember, that good-
natured little Mrs. Myers had engaged her be-
fore she had been asked.

"You women are so impulsive," said the
husband, shaking his head.
"Suppose she should turn out bad?"
"How can she, James?" said Mrs.
Myers, indignantly. "She has a face as
innocent as a baby's."

"My dear, I don't believe in physiog-
nomy."
"Nor I, altogether. But I do believe in
Dora Klein."

And as the days and weeks went by,
Mrs. Myers was obliged to confess to herself
that so far, at least, the wife's judgment or
instinct had been correct.

The last November leaves were fluttering
down one clear, cold afternoon, when Mrs.
Myers stood at the door, ready to join her
husband and baby in the wagon, to attend
a merry making at the nearest village,
some distance below, while Dora Klein
was to remain at home to keep house.

"Mind Dora you feed the chickens at
five o'clock, and don't forget the lit-
tle calf in the pen; and if you have any
extra time, you can just chop the meat
and the apples for the Saturday picnic ples,
and—"

"Come wife, come!" called out her hus-
band from the wagon.
"And if the house should catch fire or
any thing," added this prudent little edition
of Dora, "trotched with many cares, re-
member that the money is in an old stock-
ing under the board by the south window,
and the silver in the japanned box near it."

"Yes, m'm," said Dora, kissing her hand
to the laughing baby, "I'll remember."
"Some people would say, my dear, that
that wasn't a very sharp proceeding of
yours," said Mrs. Myers, as they drove
away.

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.
"To tell that girl just where our valu-
ables are kept."

"James, what an idea! Why, I can
trust Dora as implicitly as I would trust
myself."

Mr. Myers whistled and drove on, and
his wife was vexed with him for even
thinking such a doubt of Dora Klein.
But as they were jogging slowly home-
ward in the November starlight, a neighbor
halted them, joyously, from the top of a
load of barrels.

"I say, it's time you were home," said
Nechemiah Hardbroke, "your girl's got con-
sumption."

Adventure With a Panther.

The animal had already been wounded
by a rifle ball. Having warned the village
shikaree to keep close behind me with the
heavy spear he had in his hand, I began to
follow the wounded panther; but had
scarcely gone twenty-five yards, when one
of the beaters, who was on high ground,
beckoned to me; and pointed a little below
him, and in front of me. There was the
large panther sitting out, unconcealed,
between two bushes, a dozen yards before me.
I could not, however, see his head; and
whilst I was thus delayed he came out with
a roar, straight at me. I fired at his chest
with a ball, and as he sprang upon me,
we shot barrel was aimed at his head.

The next moment he seized my left arm
and the gun. Thus, not being able to use the
gun as a club, I forced it across into his
mouth. He bit the stock through in one
place, and whilst his upper fangs lacerated
my arm and hand, the lower fangs went in-
to the gun. He tried to pierce my left thigh
with his teeth. He tried very hard to throw
me over. In the meanwhile the shikaree,
who had kept the spear before him,
might have stepped the charge of the pan-
ther, had he not been so close to the left.
He had instead of spearing the panther,
sprung out and struck him, using the spear
as a club. In a moment the animal was
slain, stripping him of my shikar bar,
his turban, his revolving rifle, and the
spear. The man passed by me, holding his
wounded arm. The panther then quietly
crouched five paces in front of me. I knew
my only chance was to keep my eye upon
him.

He sat with all my despoiled property
stripped from the shikaree, around and un-
der him. The first step I moved back-
wards; keeping my eyes on the panther, I
fell upon my back into a thick bush, hav-
ing slipped upon the rock. Here I was
still within one spring of the animal, who
appeared, as far as I could see, to be
not at all disconcerted by the fight. Nothing
could have saved me had he again at-
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Christmas afternoon, about four o'clock, as

we were coming through a canon on our
way to camp, a perfect cloud of arrows
came down on us from the rocks above.
One of the Commanders was killed, and sev-
eral of us were wounded. I got three ar-
rows in my left arm and one in my left
hand. You can see the mark there, and
the Colonel showed a whitish zigzag scar
on the back of his hand. "We got out of
that place pretty quick don't you know, for
it was not a good place to stay. On New
Year's morning about sunrise two of our
sentries came in and said the Apaches were
coming down the river and intended to at-
tack us. The boys had a consultation and
they concluded to ambush the red devils as
they came down in their canoes. The boys
went down and hid in the rocks and watch-
ed them. They said that as I had only one arm
that was good, I had better stay up at the
cave, so I lay down on my stomach to
watch the fight. Presently I saw a lot of
black things that looked like logs come
whirling down the river, and then came a
lot of sharp reports, and I saw the little
clouds of smoke rise up from the rocks.
The Apaches were taken completely
by surprise, and although some of them got
in the rocks, the most of them were
shot or drowned. When the fight was
over, all of a sudden I felt queer. I
felt just like when a man is shut up in a
dark room and can't see, and somebody
comes in. He may not be able to see or
feel the person, but something tells him
there is somebody near him. I never felt
safer in my life than I did up there, but
still I turned around to where the path was,
and saw the face of an Apache just com-
ing above the rock. I jumped up and so
did he, I did not have time to get out of
the canon, for I could see the flash of his
revolver. I went at him, and then he
threw his hatchet. The dull edge hit me
on the forehead, and it split my skull open.
See—feel that," and the Colonel— the
writer's fingers and guided the fore-
finger of his right hand on his forehead.

"Well, I didn't like that very much. I
fell down on my knees, and I saw all my
life in one second. I said, 'Charley, you
are gone this time, sure.' I was under
the edge of the rock for the Apache to get
behind me, so I stayed where I was. I
was confused, but I did not lose my senses.
I was a good boxer, and although I could
not see very well on account of the blood,
still I kept my hands going, and I expect-
ed to feel that fellow coming for me, and
he did every second. He cut at me two
or three times, and cut my nose and cheek
and eyebrow, and I shoved him away. I
made a big effort to see, and I got my right
eye open and jumped at the Apache and
luckily knocked him down. Then I got on
top of him as quick as a flash and grabbed
him by the neck. He was too sharp for me,
and he cut my thumb open, but I did not
seem to feel it at all. Then he threw his
knife away and put both arms around my
neck and pulled my head down on his breast
and then he cut my throat. I was so
confused that I could not breathe. Both of his
hands were in use holding my head and
that gave me my right hand free and I used
it then, gentlemen, if ever I did. I pun-
ched him in the ribs in a way a New York
prize fighter had shown me and I hit him
in the same place every time. Presently I
lost my knife. He was too sharp for me,
and he cut my thumb open, but I did not
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For one square of 10 lines or less, seventy-fifth insertion, 5 cents

THE EVENING HOUR.

The stream is calmest when it flows the tide,
And birds are sweetest at the evening side,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm;
And every man must ever love her best;
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven and her wings doth
Beat down the dews of heaven on our heads.

A holy fragrance like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her train,
To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,<
Like Summer Evening, down the golden tide,
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

From the Wayside.

Dr. Silas Walsh one day sat in his office reading a very interesting book. It was a part of his reading for the day, and the book was of a science within the scope of his profession. He was comparatively a young man, and had the reputation of being an excellent physician. While he read some one rang at his office bell. He laid aside his book and went to the door, and when he saw what was upon the stepping stone he was indignant.

It was a ragged, dirty boy, known in Ernsworth as "Hammer Jim"—ragged and dirty, and with the violence of the slums upon him—a boy vicious and profane, against whom every other boy was warned—a boy who was called a thief and a villain, whom no efforts of the Overseers had been able to reclaim, and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of him. His true name, as the Overseers had it, was James Ammorton. About his father nobody in Ernsworth had ever known. His mother had died an inmate of the Poor-house.

On the present occasion, Jim's face was not only dirty, but bloody; and there was blood upon his grimed and tattered garments.

"Please, sir, won't you fix my head? I've got a hurt."

"What kind of a hurt?" asked the doctor.

"I'm afraid it's bad, sir," said the boy, sobbingly. "One of Mr. Dunn's men hit me with a rock. Oh!"

"What did he hit you for?"

"I dunno, sir."

"Why, you do know. What did he throw the stone at?"

"Yes, sir, I was a pick'n' up an apple under one of his trees."

Dr. Walsh would not touch the boy's head with his fingers. There was no need of it. He could see that there was only a scalp wound, and that the blood had ceased to flow.

"Go home," he said, "let your folks wash your head and put on a clean bandage."

"Please, sir, I haven't got no home, and I haven't got no folks."

"You stop somewhere, don't you?"

"I stop at the poor-house when they don't kick me out."

"Well, boy, you are not going to die from this. Go and get somebody to wash your head, or go and wash it yourself, and tie your handkerchief on."

"Told you, I haven't got time to waste. You won't suffer if you go as you are."

And with this Dr. Silas Walsh closed the door and returned to his book. He had not meant to be unkind; but really he had not thought there was any need of professional service on his part; and besides he did not want to touch the boy's head.

But Dr. Walsh had been alone cognizant of the boy's visit. There had been a witness at an upper window. The doctor's wife had seen and heard. She was a woman. She was not strong and resolute, and dignified like her husband. Her heart was not only tender, but it was used to aching. She had no children living; but there were two little mounds in the churchyard which told her of angels in Heaven that could call her mother! Acting upon her impulse, as she was very apt to act, she slipped down, and called the boy in, by the back way, to the wash room. He came in, ragged, dirt, and all, wondering what was wanted. The sweet voice that had called him had not frightened him. He came in, and stood looking at Mary Walsh, and as he looked his sobbing ceased.

"Sit down my boy."

He sat down.

"If I will help you, will you try to be good?"

"Can't be good."

"Why not?"

"Cause I can't. 'Taint in me. Every-body says so."

"But can't you try?"

"I dono."

"If I should help you, you would be willing to try, to please me?"

"Yes, m—, I should certain."

Mrs. Walsh brought a basin of water and soft sponge, and with tender hand she washed the boy's head and face. Then with a pair of scissors she clipped away the hair from the wound—curling, handsome hair—and found it not a bad one. She brought a piece of sticking-plaster, which she fixed upon it, and then she brushed the hair back from the full brow, and looked into the boy's face—not a bad face—not an evil face. Shutting out the rag and dirt, it was really a handsome face.

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Hammer Jim, m'am; and sometimes Ragged Jim."

"I mean, how were you christened?"

"Which, m'am?"

"Don't you know what name your parents gave you?"

"O—ye-es. It's down on the 'beers' books, m'am, as James Ammorton."

"Well, James, the hurt on your head is not a bad one, and if you are careful not to rub off the plaster it will very soon heal up. Are you hungry?"

"Please, m'am, I haven't eat nothing to-day."

Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread and butter, and a cup of milk, and allowed the boy to sit there in the wash-room and eat.

And while he ate she watched him narrowly, scanning every feature. Surely, if the science of physiognomy, which her husband studied so much, and with such faith, was reliable, this boy ought to have grand capabilities. Once more, shutting out the rag and the filth, and only observing the hair now glossy and waving, from her dexterous manipulations, over a shapely head, she marked the face, with its eyes of lustrous gray, and the perfect nose, and the mouth like a Cupid's bow, and the chin strong, without being unseemly—seeing this without the drugs, the boy was handsome. Mrs. Walsh, thinking of the little mounds in the churchyard, prayed God that she might be a happy mother, and if a boy was to bless her maternity, she could not ask that he should be handsomer than she believed she could make this boy.

Jim finished eating, and stood up.

"James," said the little woman—for she was a little woman, and a perfect picture of a loving and lovely woman—"James, if you are hungry, and have nothing to eat, if you will come to this door, I will feed you. I don't want you to go hungry."

"I should like to come, m'am."

"And, if I feed you when you are hungry, will you not try to be good for my sake?"

Do you lung his head, and considered. Some might have wondered why he did not answer at once, as a grateful boy ought; but Mrs. Walsh saw deeper than that. The lad was considering how he might answer safely and truthfully.

"If they'd let me be good, m'am; but they won't," he said, at length.

"Will you try all you can?"

"Yes, m—I'll try all I can."

Mrs. Walsh gave him a small parcel of food in a paper, and patted his curly head. The boy had not shed a tear since the pain of the wound had been assuaged. Some might have thought that he was not grateful; but the little woman could see the gratitude in the deeper light of the eye. The old crust was not broken enough yet for tears.

Afterwards Mrs. Walsh told her husband what she had done, and he laughed at her.

"You think, Mary, that your kindness can help that ragged, dirty boy?"

"I do not think it will hurt him, Silas."

It was not the first time that Mrs. Walsh had delivered answers to the crude doctor which effectually stopped discussion.

After that Jim came often to the wash-room, and was fed; and he became cleaner and more orderly with each succeeding visit. At length Mrs. Walsh was informed that a friend was going away into the far Western country to take up land, and make a frontier farm. The thought occurred to her that this might be a good opportunity for James Ammorton. She saw her friend, and brought Jim to his notice, and the result was, that the boy went away with the emigrant adventurer. And she heard from her friend a year later that he liked the boy very much. Two years later the emigrant wrote that Jim was a treasure. And Mrs. Walsh showed the letter to her husband, and he smiled and kissed his little wife, and said he was glad.

And he had another source of gladness. Upon her bosom his little wife bore a robust, healthy boy—their own son—who gave promise of life and happiness in the time to come.

The years sped on, and James Ammorton dropped out from the life that Mary Walsh knew. The last she heard was five years after he went away from Ernsworth, and Jim had then started out for the golden mountains on his own account, to commence in earnest his own life battle.

But there was a joy and a pride in the little woman's life which held its place and grew and strengthened. Her boy, whom they called Philip, grew to be a youth of great promise—a bright, kind-hearted, good boy, whom everybody loved; and none loved him more than his mother. In fact, they worshipped him; or, at least, his mother did. At the age of seventeen Philip Walsh entered college, and at the age of twenty-one he graduated with honor; but the long and severe study had taxed his system, and he entered upon the stage of manhood not quite so strong in body as he should have been. His mother saw it, and decided that he should have recreation and recuperation before he entered into active business. Dr. Walsh was not peculiarly able to send his son off on expensive travel, but he found opportunity for his engagement upon the staff of an exploring expedition, which would combine healthful recreation with an equally healthful occupation.

The expedition was bound for the Western wilderness, and we need not tell of the parting between the mother and her beloved son. She kissed him, and blessed him, and then hung upon his neck with more kisses and then went away to her chamber and cried.

Philip wrote home often while on his way out; and he wrote at intervals reached the wilderness. His accounts were glowing, and his health was improving. Three months of forest life, and forest labor, of which Philip wrote in a letter that had to be borne more than a hundred miles to the nearest post, and then followed months of silence. Where was Philip? Why did he not write?

One day Dr. Walsh came home pale and faint, with a newspaper crumpled and crushed in his hand. Not immediately, but by and by, he was forced to let his wife read what he had seen in that paper. She read, and faintly like one mortally stricken, she told the sad fate of the exploring party of Indians, and how those who were not massacred had been carried away captive.

Poor little woman! Poor Dr. Walsh! But the mother suffered most. For her husband, already taking on the crown of silver, was bowed in blindness now, and her heart was well nigh broken. The joy was gone out of her life, and thick darkness was round about her.

And so passed half a year. One day the postman left a letter at the door. The hand of the superscription was familiar. Mrs. Walsh tore it open, and glanced her eyes over its contents. O, joy! O, rapture! Her boy lived! was well, and was on his way home to her.

When Dr. Walsh entered the room he found his wife fainting, with the letter clutched in her nerveless grasp.

By and by, when the first great surge had passed, husband and wife sat down and read the letter understandingly.

"Thank God! I found a true friend, or, I should say, a true friend found me," wrote Philip, after he had told of his safety, and of his whereabouts. "But for the coming

of this friend I should have died ere this. He heard of me by my name, and when I learned that I was from Ernsworth, and was the son of Silas and Mary Walsh, he bent all his energies for my release. He spent thousands of dollars in enlisting and equipping men for the work; and with his own hand struck down my savage captor, and took me thenceforth under his care and protection. God bless him! And, be you ready, both, to bless him, for he is coming home with me."

Upon their benedict knees that night, the rejoicing parents thanked God for all His goodness, and called down blessings upon the head of the unknown preserver of their son.

And in that instant, and strong, their Philip came home to them—pale, but home a bold and educated man, fit for the battle of life—came home to them—pale, but home a life's vicissitudes, and prepared to appreciate its blessings.

And with Philip came a man of middle age—a strong, frank-faced, handsome man, with gray eyes and curling hair.

"This," said the son, when he had been released from his mother's rapturous embrace, "is my preserver. Do you not know him?"

The doctor looked, and shook his head. He did not know.

But the little woman observed more keenly. Upon her light broke overpoweringly.

"Is it—James Ammorton?"

"Yes," said the man—a stranger now no more. "I am James Ammorton. And I thank God who has given me opportunity thus to show how gratefully I remember all your kindness to me, my more than mother."

And he held her hands, and pressed them to his lips, and blessed her again and again, telling her, with streaming eyes, that she of all the world, had lifted him up and saved him.

That evening Mrs. Walsh, sitting by her husband's side and holding one of his hands, said to him:

"Once upon a time a pebble was kicked about in the waste of sand. A lapidary saw it, and picked it up, and when he had brushed away the dirt from its surface, he polished it, and he looked through the crust, and behold—a diamond, pure and bright!"

"Raised."

No barber knoweth whom he may shave, and the man who rushes into a shop and drops into a barber-chair, without seeing who occupies the next chair to the right or left may get badly left, as a case proved recently.

A solid old citizen in the wholesale trade was taking it easy, his face covered with lether, when in came a young man who flung off his coat, bounced in to a chair, and called out:

"Hurry up, now, for I must get back to the store before old Blank does or he will raise thunder! Hang him, he won't even give a fellow time to die!"

The solid citizen turned his face to glance at the other, and the barber noticed a reddening of his face.

"Going on a vacation this summer?" asked the barber who was preparing to shave the young man.

"Vacation! How in Tophet can I get away from old Blank? And if I could he pays such a stinky, contemptible salary that I couldn't afford even a ride on the ferry boat!"

"Why don't you ask him for a raise?" inquired the barber.

"Why don't I ask for the hand of his freckle-nosed daughter? He'd discharge me in a minute, though he's making money and can afford it. If the old hyena would have a stroke of apoplexy the junior partner might do something, but such chaps always live to be a hundred years old."

Conversation ceased here, the solid man got out of his chair, took a brushing and sat down, and when the clerk arose from his chair and turned around snow-balls would have looked black beside his face. He tried to bow and speak, but something wouldn't let him, and when he started to put on his coat he held it tails up and collar down. He was still struggling with it when the solid man rose up, looked around and walked out, saying never a word.

The barbers wet the young man's head with cold water, and when he had walked sideways when he went out, and there was an uncertain wobble to his knees. In applying for the vacant position, state what shop you shave at.

Campbells and Macdonalds.

A good story is told of the Marquis of Lorne and two Glenagly Highlanders who called on him recently. Ever since the massacre at Glencoe, in which the Campbells did the bloody work of the Crown, the clan Campbells have been in bad odor with the clan Macdonalds, and other sects; indeed it is a proverb that the Macdonalds and Campbells "cannot eat of the same salt-pot."

The Glenagly men, Macdonalds to the backbone, were in Ottawa on business, and after much debate, resolved to pay their respects to the Marquis of Lorne as the Governor-General, not as the son of the Callum Mor.

On their way to the hall they talked the matter over again, and one of them suggested that perhaps the Marquis, being a Campbells, would refuse to receive a Macdonald, in which case their position would be humiliating. At the same time they met the Marquis with Major de Winton and taking them for servants, the Highlanders asked if the Marquis would care to have "two Macdonalds" to call on him.

His Excellency replied that the Marquis bore no malice to the Macdonalds, and that Sir John Macdonald being his first minister, it was clear the Macdonalds had forgiven the Campbells. "Forgive the Campbells!" cried one of the visitors, "forgive Glencoe! Sir John is paid for that; he has eighty thousand dollars a year for it; but the diel take me 'gin we forgive or forget!' and with this the chorle Gaeles turned their faces toward

Two days before "Independence Day" we received an invitation to attend a Fourth of July celebration at Pace's school house, on Cane Creek, in this county, and we went, together with Mr. Woodward, of this place, who had also been invited but a short time before.

Mr. Woodward was followed by Mr. Goodhue, of Oxford, the regular orator of the day, who had in the meantime arrived. As was proper, he had his speech in manuscript, but he rarely referred to it. It was systematic and very finely prepared oration. The classics, poetry, fable, all were brought under tribute to lend grace and embellishment to it. The oration necessarily touched

Anniston.

Observe the amount of local news in the Republican this week. We have run out advertisements to make room for it.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The programme was left almost identically as fixed by our Oxford friends, when it was thought the Convention

The people of Jacksonville, we know will extend a hearty welcome to delegates and open their doors to them with that hospitality characteristic of them.

ED REPUBLICAN:—Will you be so kind as to insert the following notice:
The Board of Directors of Calhoun county Fair Association are requested to meet the officers of the Fair, on the Fair grounds in Jacksonville, Saturday July 10th.

H. L. STEVENSON,
Chm

The teachers of Calhoun should subscribe for the Republican.

BEAUTIFUL BELLES AND BRAVE
BEAUX.

tations were issued to all, free tickets circulated through out the city and by four in the afternoon, the entire population of young people of both sexes, were gathered at

Martin's Junction, to commence

It was announced by the Sup that every thing was ready for the grand excursion. The coaches were elegantly trimmed, beautifully decorated, and luxurious seats improvised for the occasion. The young ladies betrayed no symptoms of fear as they stood upon the summit looking down upon

With the velocity of light the car started down the mountain. O they rolled. Rushing with incredible swiftness through Land's St.

tion, sweeping with the velocity of the wind around Wyl's Park, then went rolling down the declivity until they reached Martin's Junction. It was a splendid commenta-ry upon the courage of our beau-tiful girls. With breaks off, and the cars propelled by their own momentum, as they went swooping onward at the furious rate of this

onward at the furious rate of thirty miles an hour, they laughed and sang and shouted in perfect abandon of joy. Was it dangerous? Yes exceedingly so, but that element always makes an occasion spicy and interesting to our girls.

But some manly cheeks were blanched with fear. As they started, one who once walked unmovable amid the dreadful carnage of battle, and stood unshaken under the sulphurous canopy of death, gave a series of terrified whoops that would have shamed a Comanche Chief. As they moved on, the

and downward with frightful velocity, as if propelled by a magic and invisible agency, he yelled out, "wait! don't! stop! quit! hold on!" and in an agony of fear, forgetting geographical limits groaned out, "merciful daddies, we've tumbled into the Pacific ocean."

Many of the gentlemen were satisfied with the experiment. But those girls, their enthusiasm was boundless. "How charming! how exquisite! how delightful! what a dear sweet little road!" and many other such expressions were uttered, so common in their catalog

of laudatory phrases. They continued this rather dangerous but exciting diversion, until the long creeping shadows gathered around them, and all returned home to relate the incidents connected with this memorable excursion of the Great Eastern and Southwestern Iron Mountain Route.

There were 12 or 15 hundred people there, and every thing went off pleasantly and quietly. And no doubt it was owing in great part to the commendable course taken by the bar-keepers in Arbacochee. On the 3rd it was declared that no one could buy any intoxicating drinks in Arbacochee, and we learned that those who sold it closed their doors. They merit, and have the thanks of the good people throughout the country, for making this one long step in the right direction.

W. B. F.

On motion a committee of five, consisting of W J Borden, G W Lowders, J C Wilson, J H Stark and Thomas H Yarrington, were appointed to recommend a series of textbooks for the Public Schools of the county with instruction to report to the Institute.

'eachers' friends

On motion a committee of five, consisting of W J Borden, G W Louder, J C Wilson, J H Stark and Thomas H Yarbrough, were appointed to recommend a series of text books for the Public Schools of the county, with instruction to report to the Institute.

This blister is only to be seen up on close inspection, but is plainly visible when that is given.

smoke the best Havana cigar in America. If tobacco is preferred, he gives the best in the market for the least money.

temperate men use. I sell to no one else.
I also sell sacramental wine of the best quality.

market for the least money.

Joe H. Priddy is now doing some very fine buggy painting. He is thoroughly prepared for the work and can make a buggy look like a new one.

To paint is economy. Is your buggy getting rusty? Take it to Joe H. Priddy and have it painted. It will last longer from such treatment.

The patriotic fervor of our friends at Germania evinced itself in the tapping of a barrel of fine beer on the Fourth. The programme consisted entirely in drinking beer, and there was no time for speeches. They had a glorious time. We had an invitation to attend, but a previous engagement debarred us the pleasure.

STRAYED.—A deep red milky cow, unmarked, about the 1st of May. The owner moved from 5 miles above Edwardsville, Cleburne County, and it is supposed she is making her way back there. Address J. T. Roberts, Martin's X Roads, Ala.

The colored teachers Institute was held here last Saturday, and the proceedings are said to have been very interesting.

The address of Rev. McIntosh is said by those who heard it to have been very able. He is an Episcopal minister and an educated man. His address was full of capital advice to his race, which, if heeded, cannot fail to elevate them in the scale of humanity.

We would print the proceedings if we could get them. We believe in encouraging this race of people in their effort to better their intellectual condition.

Mr. Peace's school on Cane Creek opens next Monday. Mr. Peace has been teaching a long time in the county and with uniform success. We hope that his school may open Monday with a large number of pupils.

In our article on Congress last week the printer got it "Supervisors of the State." It should have been read "Supervisors at the polls."

We will take wheat for subscription, and pay one dollar per bushel for the next four weeks. Bring it along.

There was a rumor here Saturday and Sunday that a negro had been killed on the railroad track above here, but we could trace it to no reliable source. Probably the Anniston horror gave rise to the story.

Judge Walker has been at Bu-fordville, Va., some weeks for his health. We are glad to learn by postal card that his health is somewhat improved. The many inquiries we receive every day as to the state of his health, attest the high regard the people of Calhoun have for him.

While in Anniston Saturday last, we learned from Mr. John Loyd of the death of a white man named Garret, on the R. R. track the night before. He had lain down on the track and it is supposed, fell asleep. A passing train ran over him, and killed him instantly. His body was horribly mangled. He was said to have been a man who drank very hard at times, and it is thought he was drunk when he lay down on the track to sleep. At first there was suspicion of foul play, but on a thorough investigation of the matter by a coroner's jury, such suspicion was dismissed and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts set forth above.

Thursday week quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from Jacksonville had a picnic at Sulphur Springs in honor of Dr. Burke, who has been spending a short time here this season.

Anticipating then that we should start Thursday evening for Cane Creek, we did not go out, and our absence Friday prevented that notice of it that it deserved in our last. We have heard many who participated speak in most enthusiastic terms of the affair and declare that of all the picnics of the season, this was the most pleasant yet.

Dr. Burke has many friends in Jacksonville who delight to attest in any manner their appreciation of him, and when it was understood it was his picnic, every vehicle in the town was brought in to requisition to carry parties of young and old to the picnic grounds, some seven miles distant. The day was as we have said was most pleasantly spent and everybody returned happy.

The summer session of Calhoun College will open next Monday. The attendance of pupils is expected to be large. It would be well for those who expect to attend to enter the first day of the session and thus get an even start in the classes.

We return thanks to Mr. Wm. Rice for the first watermelon of the season. What other patron will be as kind?

Prof. Borden will take wheat or oats in payment for tuition in Calhoun College.

Mr. Tobie Weir, formerly of this county, now of Tyler, Smith County, Texas, has been paying his old friends in Calhoun a visit. He was Clerk of the Texas Legislature last session.

Meeting of the Sabbath Schools.

At a meeting of the different Sabbath Schools of this town last Sunday the following proceedings were had. Dr. E. G. Borden was called to the chair, and W. W. Woodward was requested to act as secretary. A committee consisting of Messrs L. W. Grant, J. D. Hammond, J. M. Caldwell, Sharp Stewart, J. F. Kowan, Walter Dean, and J. Nuncioy was appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the County Convention. The following committee was appointed to provide and assign homes to delegates, Capt. James Crook, A. H. Dean, Robt. Riley, Willie Hammond, Sharp Stewart, E. G. Caldwell, C. C. Porter. Mr. W. W. Woodward was elected to deliver the welcome address, and Mr. J. P. Word was elected to reply. The above committees have leave to assure the Sabbath Schools of the entire county, that ample provision has been made for the accommodation of all, and every Sabbath school in the county is expected to send a full delegation.

J. D. Hammond, Chairman.

There will be a mass meeting at the Presbyterian church of the delegates of the County Sunday School Convention Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock when the welcome address and the response will be delivered. Every body is invited to attend.

We acknowledge receipt of an invitation to attend the public examination of classes at White Plains Academy, of which our friend H. H. McLean is principal. July 17th and 18th. There will be an exhibition Friday night, 18th.

"Do hogs pay?" asks a correspondent. We know of some that don't. They subscribe for the paper read it for a few years for nothing, and then send it back to the publisher, with the inscription, "Refused." Such hogs as they are, pay nobody if they can help it.

Montgomery Advertiser.

We return thanks for an invitation to attend a picnic at Mt. Zion, near Alexandria, Saturday the 19th inst. The Sunday School Convention will meet here on that day; and we will remain to help entertain delegates. Otherwise we should certainly attend the picnic at Mt. Zion. We know it will be a pleasant affair. The refined people of Alexandria Valley never make a failure in such things.

Since the above, we are authorized by one of the citizens of Alexandria, to state that the picnic at Mt. Zion church will be postponed, on account of the County Sunday School Convention, from the 19th to the 25th. We will be on hand and hear of several others from this place who are going.

OXFORD FLASHES.

From our regular correspondent.

Oxford, doubtless as her sister towns are, is quite dull just now, in a commercial and monetary sense. Our citizens bask beneath the congenial shade of the awnings or the majestic oaks with which God has blessed our town, and read, tell "yarns," and talk politics. I don't believe I have seen a checker board upon our streets this summer. This is truly wonderful. Surely the once popular game has not fallen into disrepute and been kicked out of refined amusements? But if "check boards" no longer abound, the sharp explosive sound of the croquet ball and mallet may hourly be heard in the land. Yes croquet, croquet! "From early morn to dewy eve," the balls keep rolling, and the monotonous "cracks" ring in our ears.

Oxford has about seventy-five cases of measles. A good many have had them and recovered. So far not one has died of them. It is a mild type, but they are genuine measles.

We are becoming much interested in the story now running in the Republican entitled, "The Wrong Man."

The excursion train of the 4th, on its return from Rome, about 10 o'clock at night, when about one mile above Anniston, ran over and frightfully mutilated a man by the name of Sam Garret. The unfortunate man was seen just before dark the same evening badly intoxicated, in company with several other men in like condition. It is said that Garret had a difficulty with one or two of these, and they were rather suspected of having killed him and placed his body on the track. The more plausible supposition however is that in his beastly drunken condition he lay down on the track and from fell into a profound sleep, from which he awoke in eternity. The accident was not discovered until the next morning when the mangled body and limbs were found scattered in all directions.

Our citizens are anxious for Gon. Forney to come down and address them. He would have a good crowd if he would come. Oxford has at last organized a Hook and Ladder Company, but whether it will succeed or not depends entirely upon the action of our town council.

BILL JOHNS.

THE WRONG MAN.

BY DUDLEY WILLIAMS.

Written for the Jacksonville Republican.

CHAPTER III.

It is proper just to the reader should know something of the history and circumstances that led to the meeting of the wealthy and accomplished Ralph Phillips.

Four years prior to the incident related, upon a brilliant day in June, while Mr. Phillips was busily engaged in giving instructions to his laborers, there came to him a young man, plainly but neatly clad, of a ruddy complexion, dark hair and eyes, and apparently some sixteen or twenty years of age. His step was firm, his countenance open and manly, his voice clear and a little feminine.

"This is Mr. Phillips, I presume," said he, the old gentleman, his instructions completed, turned toward him. "That is my name; do you wish to see me?"

There was nothing negative in the countenance that confronted the young man, and he at once realized that he was in the presence of the person of this shrewd millionaire, he must bring all of his wits to bear. He promptly replied:

"My name, Mr. Phillips, is Ralph Lindsay, and I have come to you in search of employment."

"Your request comes in at rather an unfortunate time," replied the old man, and he at once realized that he was in the presence of the person of this shrewd millionaire, he must bring all of his wits to bear. He promptly replied:

"My father, Robert Lindsay," he began, "had twenty years ago, a few months before he was married, and came to this country."

He was a fine musician, and was engaged as leader of an orchestra in a local band. As I grew up and became old enough to somewhat realize the unfavorable surroundings, my faithful mother bestowed all the care and diligence, none but a mother can, upon me, instilling in me the principles of industry and honesty within my heart, and striving to prepare me for the many arduous tasks she well knew I would have to encounter. By patient, weary toil with her needle she continued to earn enough to send me to school, until I had learned to read, write a little, and know something of mathematics. For twelve long years she struggled thus, and then she died. From that time I began to learn what it is to be an orphan. I had no relatives. The law gave me a guardian, who took charge of the little homestead, but through his mismanagement I am told it has been squandered; certainly I have never received a cent from him. 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from the Honorable Mr. ...

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NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Having for several years
medicines, doubtfully at first, but after
acknowledging the advantage we have
from them. The pills are resorted to
as occasion requires, and always with
desired effect. The name of the pills is
described than it is by its name. I
the liniment frequently and freely. I
am finding the promised "Relief."
Truly yours,
DR. RADWAY.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES THE WORST PAINS

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NOT ONE HOUR
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SUFFER WITH PAIN.
Radway's Ready Relief is a
EVERY PAIN. It was the first
The Only Pain

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
 WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF IN
 INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS
 INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER
 INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS
 CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS
 SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING
 PALETTATION OF THE THROAT
 HYSYTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,
 CATARRH, INFLAMMATION OF THE
 HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM,
 GOUT, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL
 THE AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN.

NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS, CHILBLAINS, and FROSTBITE.

The application of the **Rerdy Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Scurvy, Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a
 Radway's Ready Relief with them.
 drops in Water will prevent sickness
 from change of water. It is better than
 Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER and AGUE

Fever and Ague cured for Fifty Cents
 is not a remedial agent in the world
 cure Fever and Ague, and all other
 Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow
 Fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) as

Dr. Radway's
Sarsaparillian Resol

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY,
CONTAGIOUS,
be it seated in the Lungs or Stomach,
Bones, Flesh or Nerves, corrupting
solids and vitiating the fluids.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula,
Scalds, Ulcers, &c.

Liver Complaint,

Kidney & Bladder Com

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Stoppage of water, Incoercible Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, cases where there are brick dust deposits, water is thick, cloudy, mixed with a mass like the white of an egg, or threads of silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bloody, and white bone-dust deposits.

there is a pricking, burning sensa
passing water, and pain in the small
and along the loins.

Sold by druggists, PRICE ONE D


OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURE
RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

Dr. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren
NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY
Regulating P
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated
gum, purge, regulate, purify, cl
strengthen. Radway's Pills for the

disorders of the Stomach, Liver, B
sors, Bladder, Nervous Diseases,
Constipation, Costiveness, Indigesti
sis, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammatio
and other Disorders of the Intest
terial Virus. Warranted to effect a
cure. Purely Vegetable, containing
cury, mineral or deleterious drugs.

 Observe the following symptoms
ing from disorders of the Digestive


Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness
Blood in the Head, Acidity of
Nausea, Heartburn, Agitation of Food
Swelling of the Liver, Distension of
ings or Flutterings in the Pit of the
Swimming of the Head, Hurried and
Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart,
Painful Sensations when the Food
and other Disorders of the Digestive

Pain in Head, Deriency of Perspiration, Redness of Skin and Eyes, Pain in Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, and the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILL will cure the system from all of the above named ailments. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by

Read "False and True"

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY
12 Warren Street, New York.
Information worth thousands will be



Rupertus' celebrated Single Breech-loading Gun at \$15 up. Double-barrel Breech-loading Gun. Muzzle and Breech-loading Guns. Pistols of most approved English and American makes. All kinds of sporting implements and tools required by sportsmen and gun-makers. NEW BREECH-LOADING DOUBLE-BARREL GUNS.

best guns yet made for the price application.

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AGENTS WANTED FOR THE WESTERN BORDERS.
Our Western Borders.
A Complete and Graphic History of the West.

deer life, with full account of Old
Clark's famous Kaskaskia Expedition.
Its thrilling conflicts of Red and White
Adventures, Captivities, Forays, Sco
Women and Boys, Indian War-Paths,
and Sports. A book for Old and Young
page. No competition. Enormous de
wanted everywhere. Illustrated circular
McCURDY & CO., 28 S. Seventh St.,

[SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.]

The Solon Argus (semi official) says that we shall have a reduction of the rate of taxation to 50 cents on the \$1,000, or even lower perhaps, by the next Legislature.

This is comforting, but it does not suffice to allay the discontent of the people at the neglect of the last Legislature to make a step in this direction. We have now accumulated in the Treasury a surplus of over two hundred thousand dollars. By the meeting of the next Legislature the sum will be almost doubled, under the rate fixed by the last Legislature, and we will then have quite four hundred thousand dollars of surplus fund. With such a reserve, of course a very considerable reduction may be made, and much valuable capital manufactured for the administration thereby. But this does not alter the fact that the tax-payers have been wronged by the continuance of a rate of taxation far in excess of the sum necessary to meet the needs of the State. Through the continued imposition of the old rate of taxation, money will be continued to be poured into the vaults of the Treasury at a time above all times when the people need it in their pockets for the purpose of purchasing the actual necessities of life.

There is another consideration—namely: A large surplus fund in the Treasury is always a temptation to the Legislature to make liberal expenditures; and in such case there is no lack of men, with plausible schemes to abstract money from the Treasury, hanging around the State House. They flock to Montgomery during the sitting of the General Assembly, and press their point on the law makers with an ardor that too often carries success with it. The four hundred thousand dollars that will have accumulated in the Treasury by the time the next Legislature meets, will be a great temptation to the lobby, and if the people are unfortunate in the choice of their representatives, they may yet find themselves deprived of it altogether and taxes not reduced "so much as you heard they were", after all. True, such raids on the Treasury after this surplus money of the people would be little less than highway robbery, but that fact would not much deter the "public developer" from "going for" it, and there is no accounting for the average legislator. We know of certain disposition of funds that in law and equity belonged to the people, by the last Legislature, equally as reprehensible as would be the making away with the surplus fund now and to accumulate in the Treasury.

At any rate the people would be safer if they had that surplus two hundred thousand dollars in their pockets, and did not yet have to pay out two hundred thousand more than the State has any need for. That is the view we take of it.

The outrages on person and property committed by tramps, who infest the Northern States, is a staple article of news with the papers of that section. The tramps go over the country in large or small bodies and their lawlessness is only regulated by their strength. They go into farm houses, and while the male part of the family are abroad in the fields, maltreat the women and compel them to get meals for them. When in larger force they boldly attack the farmers and rob them without mercy. They run the gamut of crime from petty theft to rape, arson and murder. Late papers contain an account of one hundred and fifty of these lawless characters who have installed themselves in a woodland up in one of the Northern States, and from that base of operations are making themselves the terror of the country for miles and miles around. They mount guard regularly, throw out pickets and defy the people and authorities. From there they make night raids on the farmers and rob them outrageously. When a farmer objects to being robbed they generally beat him within an inch of his life.

It is difficult for people down South to realize that there is a community within the bounds of the United States who would tolerate such a state of things for twenty-four hours. They cannot understand why the community do not rise up as one man and put down the band of lawbreakers with a strong hand.

We do things differently in the South, and probably that is the reason we are not troubled so much with tramps. When one does happen along, he is very humbly and diffident. He is content on his part, such as forcing a farmers wife to cook a meal for him, would suffice to send him summarily out of the world, and he knows it.

Let us imagine a body of tramps quartered in any part of Calhoun, and performing like the hundred and fifty we have spoken of above. Do you know gentlemen of the Northern press what we would do with them? Listen and we will tell you. In a few hours the news would spread from one end of the county to the other and beyond. A few resolute spirits would assemble at a given point. The word would be "saunt." Exactly twenty-four hours afterwards a mount of a thousand men from Calhoun and adjoining counties would converge from all points of the compass toward that camp of tramps. They would open fire and speedily surround it. Having made sure that every possible loophole of escape was closed, they would open fire on the lawbreakers and in ten minutes there would not be a live tramp on the ground. A detail to bury the dead would be left, and that thousand men would go back to their farm work and business as if nothing extraordinary had happened. The result is simple. It involves little cost, radical measures infallibly. It is

surely safe to property, shields mothers and wives from outrage, and infuses into these gentlemen called tramps, who claim a living without work at the hands of the world, a very healthy respect for Southern character.

We commend this remedy to the farmers of the Northern States. If they are too chicken hearted to use it, they must excuse us for not extending them our sympathy.

TO FARMERS.

The great mass of our readers are farmers, and if we can do anything to make our paper more interesting to them, we will gladly do it. It has been suggested to us to open our columns to the farmers of Calhoun for the discussion of their modes of planting, preparation of land etc. We would have published such communications at any time with pleasure, but perhaps this has not been well understood. Therefore, that it may be thoroughly understood, such communications will be welcome to us, we hereby invite the farmers of Calhoun, whether subscribers or not, to address any queries they may see proper on the subject of planting to their brother farmers, and any replies furnished us will be published. Moreover communications from any farmer who thinks he has a system that will benefit others will be published with pleasure.

Now, if you have a good idea, let your neighbors know it through the Republican. If you want any information on any given subject connected with farming, ask for it through the same source, and there are doubtless farmers in the county who will give it.

We state frankly at the outset that we shall not run the risk of appearing ridiculous by attempting to answer any question addressed to the paper. Unlike most editors, we are free to confess that we know probably less about farming than anything else in the wide, wide world.

We want the whole correspondence carried on by men who are practical farmers and therefore apt to know what they are talking about.

Now, gentlemen, will you avail yourselves of the rest season, during layings by time, to start the ball in motion. Don't be afraid to write, if you are not used to it. We know some men who have valuable ideas and who never print them, because they are not fresh in their English Grammar and are afraid their communications will not appear well. It is not expected that all will write as correctly as those who are habituated to it. Don't let this bother you a moment. Give us your ideas on paper and we will take care of the balance, and your communication will appear stripped of all errors that we can detect. We are used to such work. We have to re-write three fourths of the communications that come into the office now from men in all walks of life, before they will begin to bear publication. All communications must come in before or by Wednesday and Thursday to insure publication that week. Those that arrive Friday will be laid over until the following week. Make your communications as short as the subject will admit of. Now, who will be the first to write for the farmers' column?

We will add that this column could be made more valuable to the farmers of Calhoun than any information they can glean from agricultural papers at a distance, from the fact that the discussion will relate to experiment and experience on the very soil they are cultivating.

MR. HURD'S SPEECH.

The speech of Frank Hurd of Ohio, lately to Garfield, is one of the best that has been made in the House for many a year. We only have room for his closing remarks. They are as follows:

"Mr. Chairman—This extra session has made up the issue between the two parties. The Democratic party declare that the army shall be kept from the polls; that justice shall be impartially drawn; that the test oath shall be repealed; and that the Federal authority shall not interfere with elections within the States. Upon that question the Republican party takes issue with the Democratic party, and the Democratic party goes into this contest. Never in all the history of this land, have more important questions been submitted to the American people for their determination. They relate to the pure administration of justice; they concern the gravest questions of constitutional law; they affect the fundamental principles of civil liberty. Every man who runs for any office in any State, and every citizen who goes to the polls to deposit his ballot, is interested. The whole method of ascertaining the popular will is involved in the issue. So far reaching are these principles that if upon this issue the Republican party shall be successful, then all the power over elections in States would be drawn to the central Government. The States would lose their places in the federal system, and whether the army shall be used at the polls or not would be a question, not of right and of constitutional law, but of executive discretion. Such a result means the end of the Republic and the uplifting of the empire. Can there be any doubt as to a controversy like this? In Russia, where absolute despotism silences individual opinion, it might be doubtful. In Germany, where imperial power sustains itself by an immense standing army, it might be doubtful. In France, where the people under monarchs and emperors for ages have slumbered, it might be doubtful. But here in free America, with the traditions of our British ancestors, and with the sacrifices and triumphs of our American forefathers in behalf of civil liberty, it cannot be doubtful. (Applause.) Shall civil liberty perish upon its own threshold and by its own friends? Shall the beacon-light which has shone from our shores for the encouragement of struggling freemen everywhere sicker in its socket and go out even as they are gazing upon it? Shall the sun of free government in this continent, ere it reaches the meridian, sink into night? Shall the shadow and the cloud of the army darken our free fields and free rivers and free lakes and free prairies, and pollute the air so that a freeman cannot breathe it? The century of triumph

just ended protests; the bright prospects of our future protest; the hopes of the world protest; and what is practically of more value, the whole Democratic party, with its majority of half a million of American people protest. Gentlemen the contest will soon begin. I hear the utterances of Anglo-Saxon resolve. I hear the tread of the legions forming. With the banner of civil liberty above them. The contest has already begun; and God give victory to freedom and the right!

OXFORD FLASHES.

From our regular correspondent.

If the drouth now prevailing in this section of country prevails much longer our corn crop will be a failure and cotton crop badly damaged. The scope of country in need of rain however is not large, perhaps five miles square. Oxford has donned her summer suit and retired to the shades of war and idleness. I say war because the musquito and fly to say nothing of other belligerent quadrupeds, and scorpions, and centipedes, and millepedes, wage both aggressive and defensive warfare, and so you are bound to fight or be kicked on the nose, or acknowledge to the world that you are a coward.

Oxford has been so fortunate as not to lose a single life by the measles, notwithstanding there have been over one hundred cases, until the 14th inst. when Miss Dettie Hays, a young lady 24 years old, died with them.

We understand that the Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday schools of this place will have several delegates, each, to represent them in the County Convention the 19th. The Baptist school declines to send any representatives.

Rev. E. T. Smyth and Dr. Dudley Williams have gone to Birmingham to attend the Baptist State Convention which convened in that city on the 17th inst.

We heard a gentleman of good judgment and acute discrimination, remark the other day that the Jacksonville paper was more interesting now than at any time during its past history; and he ought to know for he has been taking it for twenty five years or more.

BILLY JOHNS.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are, by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on and not one man in ten million went to the funeral for even to fill of the death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can without blowing the pack out of your cylinder head; shed the light of your wisdom around in the world, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simply because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote; "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but not greater need than the young have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money; they are more stylish; your moustache is neater; the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier—oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will draw more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copperplate signature in six months. Young men are useful, son, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a pic-nic successfully without them. But they are no novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out, but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding, they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently.

With the thermometer up in the high nineties, it seems strange to read about frosts in Nova Scotia that kill beans and cut down potatoes in bloom.

A Sunday-school boy of Mayville, Ky. was asked by the Superintendent if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but he is not working at it much."

A silly Republican newspaper fears that all the United States marshals will resign their offices because of the refusal of Congress to appropriate money for their salaries. There need be no fear on this score. Marshals are not made of that sort of stuff. Few of them die and none resign.

Ex-Sultan Murad V, who was deposed by the Council of Ministers at Constantinople, August 31, 1876, on the ground of "mental alienation," is reported to have escaped from the palace where he had been confined since that date. Murad only reigned from May 30, 1876, to the date of his deposition, three months—and he succeeded by Abdul Hamid, the present Sultan, his brother. Murad's "mental alienation" was due to an attack of the jim-jams, the result of excessive drinking.

"Fighting Dick" Anderson, South Carolina's Lieutenant General in the Confederate army, who died recently, earned his broad sash the war as a clerk in a mercantile firm until last December, when even this poor resource being threatened, the Governor made him State Inspector of Phosphates.

Senator Blaine is said to be an imitator of Henry Clay. But the imitation, we think, consists in his failure to make himself President.

The President, who has just pardoned a lot of colossal wharf thieves in Chicago, is terribly distressed lest the failure of the brigadiers to provide for United States marshals will result in the escape of some petty moonshiners. Every patriot must feel a profound pity for the President.—Chicago Times.

Ask Yourself these Questions.

Are you a despondent sufferer from Sick Headache, Habitual Constipation, Pimples on the Face? Have you Dizziness of the Head? Is your Nervous System depressed? Does your Blood circulate badly? Have you a Cough? Low Spirits? Coming up of the food after eating? &c. &c. All of these and much more are the direct results of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. Green's August Flower is now acknowledged by the U. S. through Druggists to be the people's friend. Two doses will satisfy any person of its wonderful quality in curing all forms of indigestion. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cts. Sold positively by all first-class druggists in the United States.

HOW TO FORECAST THE WEATHER.

The publisher of the Southern Argus will shortly issue a pamphlet containing his method of weather prediction, so that any one can tell as readily as himself what the changes that may occur each month, and also forecast the character of the seasons. Price of Pamphlet, when delivered, 15 cents. Subscriptions taken at this office.

Do we Believe in Witchcraft?

"I take the position that we do not, in its broad sense," said a gentleman of years and experience; "and yet we find many of the present day carrying a Buckeye in their pocket through a kind of superstition, when they might be relieved by a few applications of Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment." This Ointment is made from the Buckeye, and is recommended for nothing else but Piles. Try it. It will cure you. Price, 50 cents per bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S

Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep; with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but in affection of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

Robertson, Taylor & Co

Successors to GEO W. WILLIAMS & CO. COTTON FACTORS. WHOLESALE GROCERIES. And Commission Merchants. Nos. 1 & 3 HAYNE STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C. Will give all business their most careful attention. Consignments of cotton solicited.

C W Langworthy & Co

90 Masonic Temple, Rome, Ga. MUSICAL AGENCY. DEALER IN—WILCOX & WHITE Glough and Warren AND OTHER ORGANS.

Vose & Sons, Kraich & Bach, Ravan

& Co., and other Pianos. Pianos & Organs for Exchange or Rent.

See Music, Music Books, Stationery, Books, Periodicals, &c.

Orders by Mail promptly filled.

Queensware at Wholesale.

French China in Sets or by the single piece.

SILVER PLATED GOODS

Fine and CHEAP Table knives & Forks. Tin-ware, Wooden-ware, Glass-ware, Lamps, and Lamp-lighters.

Orders solicited from merchants. We will duplicate any bill that can be brought in America.

J. B. CARBER & Co., China Hall, Rome, Ga.

Jan 28—3m.

POSTPONED. SHERIFFS SALE.

By virtue of one writ issued from the circuit court of Calhoun county, and to me directed, in favor of John R. E. executor of E. Ross deceased, and against E. G. & I. G. Morris, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door, in the town of Jacksonville, in the county of Calhoun, Alabama, within the legal hours of sale, on the first Monday in August, that being the 4th day of Aug, the following described property, to-wit:

Connecting at the southeast to lot 1 of Sec. 8, township 16, range 9—east in Con. S. Land Plat—thence south 83 degrees, west 98 poles, to a stake, thence north 43 degrees, west 83 poles to a stake, crossing the creek 40 poles from southwest corner of lot, thence north 83 degrees, east 98 poles to the northeast corner—thence south 43 degrees, east 83 poles, to the beginning corner, containing 22 acres more or less, with all the improvements thereon, levied upon as the property of E. G. & I. G. Morris, to satisfy a judgment.

Postponed by order of Plaintiff's Attorney from 1st Monday in June to above date. D. J. GOODRIFF, Sheriff.

July 12th—31.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY

Just Published, in a Sent Book—Price six cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Stomach Weakness, or Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Pilepsia, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. C. CLARKE, M. D., Author of the Green Book, &c.

The world renowned author, in the admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Stomach Weakness may be effectually removed without medicine, and with out dangerous surgical operations, blisters, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, can cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers, THE CLARKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 41 West 23rd St., New York; Post Office Box, 4386.

WANTED

try to sell only thoroughly useful and first class works, sent for liberal terms on the famous Dr. W. W. HALL'S great Family Medical Book.

HEALTH AT HOME

by far the best out, and one with which Agents succeed better and longer than on any other. To get in the way of making money for all the part of your time, write to STANDARD PUB. HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

June 22—6m

CALHOUN NURSERY.

We the undersigned citizens of Calhoun county Alabama, take pleasure in recommending to the public, Mr. J. W. Bradley, "an old citizen of our county," as a man of undoubted truth and veracity—one who may be fully relied upon, as to any statements he may make in presenting to the public, the laudable business of his choice.

He has founded in this county a Fruit Nursery, and has been uniting in his efforts to make it a success; by the selection of choice fruits, and such only as best suits this climate, which object has been to a very great extent attained. He is now able to offer to purchasers, choice fruits already acclimated. We have fruit trees from his nursery, and find that they come fully up to his recommendations, and especially the "genuine Shookley," a winter apple of fine quality, which suits this climate admirably. His great object and aim is to stock the Southern country, and especially Alabama, with choice fruit, well adapted to our climate; from a "home nursery."

Jacksonville, Ala., April 29 1879.

J. W. CANNON, Probate Judge

J. M. PATTERSON, Co. Com.

G. E. DOUTT, Clk Circuit court;

Rev. B. D. TURNER;

A. W. DOSS, Esq.;

First-class fruit trees, 25 cts each.

Two year old trees 15 cts each.

Variety apple, peach, pear, Plum and the grape vine.

I will be around and engage this fall, and deliver at some convenient point.

J. W. BRADLEY.

BURNHAM'S

WARRANTED BEST AND CHEAPEST. MILLING SUPPLIES.

Works: Christiana, Lancaster & Co. Pa. Office: 23 S. Beaver St., York, Pa.

Jersey Cattle.

My young prize bull, TUMBLAW, BOY, (No. 2866 American Jersey, Head Register), will be permitted to serve a few good cows. Terms—five dollars cash. His dam, Lilla Fay (No. 3249, A. J. H. Bull) has a record of sixteen pounds of butter a week.

I have for sale two pure bred bull calves, prices reasonable. Grade Jersey calves, commanded seventy five dollars each at the West, and sold at 100 dollars. A few extra well bred Berkshire pigs and young sows for sale.

June 28—31. J. W. BURKE.

SPRINGVALE STOCK FARM.

JAMES CROOK, BREEDER OF—Thorough-bred Merino.

Sheep, Angora Goats, Herd Registered.

Jersey Cattle, Berkshire and Essex.

Hogs, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

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Guide to Success FOR BUSINESS AND SOCIETY.

is BY FAR the best business and Social Guide and Hand-Book ever published, and much the latest. It tells both sexes completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way, HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER, and contains a gold mine of varied information indispensable to all classes for constant reference. AGENTS WANTED for all parts of the country. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to H. B. SCAMMEL & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

June 28—31.

Attachment Notice.

Rowan, Dean & Co. Vs. Henry Burroughs.

Whereas, Rowan, Dean & Co., having applied to the undersigned, J. J. Skilton, Justice of the Peace, in and for Calhoun County, Alabama, in and for the County of Alabama, in due form of law, for an attachment against the property of Henry Burroughs, and having obtained the same, and whereas it appears to me that the said Henry Burroughs is not a resident of this State; and that he resides near Perryville, Perry county, Arkansas.

Now the said Henry Burroughs is hereby notified of the pendency of said attachment, and that the same has been levied on the property of said Henry Burroughs; and that if the said Henry Burroughs does not appear before me, at my office in the town of Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Alabama, on the 23d day of August, A. D. 1879, I will proceed to give judgment on the said attachment, in the same manner as if the said Henry Burroughs were present, to answer and defend the same. I will as the law directs issue execution, order of sale or other process, as the case may require.

Given under my hand at office on the 1st day of July, 1879.

J. J. SKILTON, Justice of the Peace.

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June 22—6m</

Scottish Abbey.

In the crowded and busy manufacturing town of Dunfermline, on the high bank of a river's bed, stand the walls of one of the grand old palaces of the Scottish kings, a reminder of the greatness of the ancient realm of North Britain. Close by them is the large abbey, still retaining some beautiful portions of its original structure. The ancient transepts and choir were destroyed, and their place has been supplied by a large, but painfully modern structure, intended as a memorial to King Robert the Bruce, whose body was laid in front of the altar of the old building; it is now under the pulpit of the new. With questionable taste, his name and best display of the huge letters of stone around the top of the central tower. The nave, however, stood through the reformation. It has suffered from the hands of restorers who have replaced some of its ancient windows by those of more modern shape, and have built against its walls, supposed to be in danger of falling, flying buttresses many times larger than those needed to support them; but all the external beauty which its Norman builders gave it is not lost, and the interior has its massive arches and pillars almost as when they were built. Some of the latter show strikingly bold zigzag cuttings, like that on two of the pillars at Durham, only with the ornamental appearance of a lance head at each of the upward points; and according to the spectator's position, they can be made to present different optical illusions, seeming to taper at one time towards the top, and at another towards the bottom, or again appearing perfectly uniform in shape. The northern doorway, uninjured, except by the hand of time, is still very beautiful. Outside of the present east wall of the abbey, but within the enclosure of the old lady chapel, a part of the foundations of which yet remain, are the broken stones which yet remain of the grave of St. Margaret of Scotland and of her royal husband. The tomb is not repaired, because it has not been decided to which of two boards of commissioners it belongs to attend to it. But the graves of some of the greatest and best of the kings of the present age should not be thus neglected. Canbushkenneth. Of this old abbey, not far from the winding river which separates it from Sterling, there is left only the great square tower, and foundation stones which mark the outline of the large church. Melrose. Within a range of twenty miles stand the ruins of the three great abbeys of Scotland, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Tynemouth. The ruins of the three abbeys are full of interest, suggesting the time when each was the center of a temporal as well as a spiritual activity. Except at Dryburgh, there are few, if any, remains of the conventional buildings. Melrose Abbey has lost the nave from the west end of its nave, and the rest of that part of the building is much disfigured by the great modern pillars which have been put in on one side. But the graceful ancient columns, the strangely narrow northern aisle, and the two aisles on the south with their numerous chapels—all three with the old stone roofs—are still standing for nearly half of the original length. I cannot but write the beauty of the church, where the east window retains a large part of its wonderful tracery and the roof is unbroken, or that of the transepts. Sir Walter Scott's verses may serve to suggest it. In a church aisle is the grave of Michael Scott; and it is a little startling to find it covered with a broken stone, so that one can look down into the grave and wonder if the wizard and his book are still there. The best exterior views of the abbey are, I think, from the north and the northeast. Pinnacles and flying buttresses, statues and ornamental carvings, adorn every part. What must it have been in the days when it was perfect? Dryburgh. The architecture here belongs to a time close to those in which the Norman style prevailed; it is well seen in the windows high up in the south transept. Nearly opposite is the only part of the abbey which has a roof or the walls of which are in tolerably good preservation; and in this part rests, against the great day, the body of Sir Walter Scott, his immediate family lying close about him. Many of the other buildings of the monastery, which he easily traced, and some of them, for instance, the chapter-house are well preserved. The west wall of the refectory, pierced by a wide window of almost primitive construction, is covered with a very luxuriant growth of ivy. There is not even a village in the vicinity of the ruins; and they seem to have about them an air of peace and rest well-suited to the thoughts which one likes to have suggested by such a place. Jedburgh. The eastern, and oldest, part of Jedburgh Abbey is almost utterly ruined; but the nave is carefully kept in repair by the noblemen who own the property and who have built for the village a new parish church in order that he might restore the old building to its former condition. It is especially noticeable for its light decorative wall, with five pointed arches on either side, rising above the two rows of arches below. When the aisle walls were standing and the original carvings were unharmed, it must have been an extremely beautiful edifice.

The Colonel's Father.

Just before the Missouri editors left the Exchange for an ill-departed, a very, four-sided chap about as tall as I, and as fat as a ham, slid up to one of the local journalists down there to see the crowd off, and whispered:

"Any few drinks here?"

"Haven't seen any," was the reply.

"I thought these Southern fellows were great on the drink," continued the stranger.

"Don't they always ask a man to take something when they get an introduction?"

"Well, I believe so."

"Well, my name is Sparks. Please introduce me to one of the crowd."

He was presented to Col. Childs at once, the colonel being one of the jolliest of the lot. As they shook hands the stranger observed:

"Colonel, I'm glad indeed to meet you. I think I used to know your father."

"Ah! but you are dreadfully mistaken," replied the colonel. "My father was a man who drank often, but he always drank alone and was never known to pay for another's drink."

Mr. Sparks fell back on that, and after a moment's glance at the water-cooler he slid out of doors.

A Hindu Story.

A poor Hindu, having been released from the cares of the world, and from a weary wife, presented himself at the gate of Brahmin's paradise.

"Have you been through purgatory?" asked the god.

"Not but I've been married," he answered seriously.

"Come in then; it's all the same."

At this moment arrived another man, just defunct, who begged of Brahmin to go in also.

"Softly! softly! have you been through purgatory?"

"No! but what of that? Did you not admit, a moment ago, one who had not been there any more than I?"

"Certainly; but he has been married."

"Married? Who are you talking to? I have been married twice."

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Brahmin, "get away! Paradise is not for fools."

"Just from Leadville."

A conductor on the Michigan Central Railroad came across him the other day. The train, coming East, had just left Jackson, when the man from Leadville was discovered on the platform of the rear car. He seemed to have an object in being out there instead of in the car, but the conductor was deceived as to his motive. Conductors rarely ever get hold of the correct theory when they find a man with a long neck and a lean satchel sitting out on the rear platform.

"Trying to beat my way—great heavens! but how can you say that?" replied the man from Leadville to the conductor's brief but vigorous salutation. "No, sir—e-e! I came out here for fresh air. I've camped out so long that I'm sick as a horse the minute I feel a roof over me. I'll be in a minute and pay my fare to Detroit. I'm going to turn to engage 1,700 men to return to Leadville with me."

The conductor suggested that he enter the car and pay his fare at once. Michigan conductors don't seem to care a damn whether a passenger hauls from Leadville or Bungtown.

"Pay my fare at once—of course I will!" replied the man from Leadville. "The owner of the Huckleberry mine wouldn't look very well trying to beat a one-track railroad out of three or four dollars' fare. I'll be in there in just a minute—just as soon as the gnawing feeling of the stomachic is kind gone. You had better go in and get change for a five hundred dollar bill, so as not to detain me."

The conductor went back through the cars, and returned. The owner of the Huckleberry mine was no longer on the platform, but was sound asleep in one of the coaches.

"Pay my fare!" he shouted at the conductor who gave him a vigorous shaking up. "Do you charge me double fare because I own the biggest and richest silver mine in Leadville. Am I to be imposed on because I am about to engage thirteen hundred laborers in Detroit, at \$2 a day per man?"

"I want your fare," said the conductor.

"Want it twice over?"

"You haven't paid your fare yet, but you must or I shall put you off the train."

"I appeal to my fellow-passengers, I do!" exclaimed the man from Leadville; even if I do own the Huckleberry mine, and half interest in the Shortcake, I'm not to be swindled!"

"I give you one quarter of a minute to pay your fare!" said the conductor, as he reached for the bell-rope.

"I'll pay," replied the man, after a few seconds—"I'll pay now, and sue the company when I reach Detroit. I'll have to pay 'n silver bars, as I'm short of gold coin and greenbacks."

He fished up his old satchel, took about four minutes to unlock it, and after a dive and a scramble he fished up two old paper collars, the remains of a shoe-brush, and an old darning needle threaded with a foot or two of string.

"Come! I'm in a hurry," said the conductor.

"I want the train searched; I've been robbed of over \$3,000 worth of silver bars," shouted the man from Leadville, turning the satchel, wrong side out and holding it up.

The train was stopped and he was ordered to alight. He looked from the big brakeman to the conductor and sorrowfully remarked:

"Yes, I'll dismount. I've bin robbed, insulted and abused, and I want to sit down on a log and think it over and plan my revenge. The owner of the Huckleberry Mine can't be stepped on with impunity, and you hear me!"

The train started. As the last car reached him, the Huckleberry man made a grab for the platform, missed the railing, and the last seen of him his feet were twinkling above the bullrushes of the roadside swamp. He had got a lift of fifteen miles, and was doubtless satisfied.

One of the Drainers.

Leopold Silverberg, you were helplessly drunk said Justice Bixby, when Officer Mulligan placed at the bar a middle-aged German, with sunburnt countenance, whose matted hair and beard appeared not to have felt the touch of a comb or brush for many a day.

"The officer swears that he took you to the station house in a hand cart. Is that true?"

"Yah."

"Do you get drunk frequently?"

"Yah."

"Have you ever been arrested before?"

"Yah."

"Do you realize your position?"

"Yah."

"Are you a married man?"

"Yah."

"Have you any children?"

"Yah."

"Instead of supporting them you spend your money on rum?"

"Yah."

"Where do you reside?"

"Your Honor," said Officer Mulligan before Leopold had a chance to answer the last interrogatory. "That man is deliberately lying. I have known him for the last six years. He is one of the 'drainers' and resides at the foot of Sixth street. When I arrested him last evening he offered me his tomato can which was filled with stale beer, as a bribe to let him go."

"Leopold, you have heard the officer's statement. Is it true?"

"Yah."

"Will six months on the Island learn you to tell the truth?"

"Yah."

"Do you understand the English language?"

"Yah."

"Six months," and Leopold was led into the prison yard, where he in pure English, cursed Judge, officers and clerks.

—Madame Gerster, the soprano, receives only \$200 a night for her singing.

—Over \$11,000,000 bank taxes are due the State of Louisiana.

AGRICULTURE.

CELERY CULTURE.—The culture is somewhat as follows: Obtain good seed grown from selected plants of old, stout, stocky growth; then blow out all but the heaviest seed. Sow these "pedigree seeds" early on thoroughly fine, moist soil, in rows a foot or more apart, one inch wide in the row, less than a dozen seeds to the square inch; cover very lightly with fine soil, and tread down by Peter Henderson's method of treading upon every part of the row, or some equivalent firming. Then shade with a very light spread of clean straw, which should be removed as the seeds begin to sprout. Unless the ground is very rich, water every week or so with diluted guano water, containing a trace of salt. When the plants are four inches up shear them half off, and do so once or more thereafter, as the tendency to grow tall at the expense of stoutness increases. Transplanting may be dispensed with, unless the plants are small, and then transplant them. Select the best for setting, and carefully throw the rest away. Don't give them to anybody to waste their hopes and energies upon. In moist, rich land pour a trench as deep as you can in July, put in twice as much manure as good celery from small, spindling plants. Select the best for setting, and carefully throw the rest away. Don't give them to anybody to waste their hopes and energies upon. In moist, rich land pour a trench as deep as you can in July, put in twice as much manure as good celery from small, spindling plants. Select the best for setting, and carefully throw the rest away. Don't give them to anybody to waste their hopes and energies upon. In moist, rich land pour a trench as deep as you can in July, put in twice as much manure as good celery from small, spindling plants. Select the best for setting, and carefully throw the rest away. Don't give them to anybody to waste their hopes and energies upon. 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SAURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.
COUNEY'S CONVENTION.

The proceedings of the Sunday School Convention held here Saturday and Sunday last, reached us Wednesday, but owing to their length and the press of other matter which reached us first, they have been laid over until next week. The Convention will say we are entirely harmonious, and will doubtless result in great good.

We are glad that the farmers are so prompt to respond to our invitation of last week. It shows that they take an interest in the matter. We say in communication to the farmers, that the two first communications needed no correction except in "pointing" in case of one. No professional would have made a better show than this. But the fact that you cannot write correctly, should not deter any farmer in the county. If you have an idea, don't be stingy with it. We shall not allude in future to the fact that communications are correct or incorrect.

We do not think our correspondent from Anniston, (Philo) should have been too modest to append his full signature to his letter. His object is most laudable, and we are disposed to encourage it; but all religious communications to newspapers tend to sectarian controversy. We have ever found it thus; but in the hope that we may be disappointed this time, we admit. But at the very first approach of a sectarian controversy, we shall take the liberty of discontinuing the religious column.

As God knows our heart, we want to do as much good in the world as we can. We make no professions; but parties who have read our paper will testify that never a sentiment, unfit for family perusal has found a place in its columns. We have humbly tried in our humble sphere to elevate and ennoble our fellows and we care not what may be the judgment of the world, we have the consciousness of duty performed in this regard. We admit the communication with pleasure.

Among the delegates attending the S. S. Convention here Saturday and Sunday, we note Prof. Dodson of Oxford College. He once taught in Jacksonville, at the outset of his useful career, and then it was our fortune to belong to his Latin and Greek classes. Even then so early in life, we discovered traces of character in Prof. Dodson, that then and ever since have commanded our respect and attention, and we have learned with no surprise that he has a work of philosophical character in preparation, and that he has given about three of the best years of his life to it. This guarantee its favor with the world of letters as soon as it is published. He delivered a lecture here at the Teachers' Institute, embracing some of its points, which was declared the best thing of the session. We did not hear the lecture, but we know that Prof. Dodson is incapable of producing anything weak. He unites to wonderful powers of conversation and highly cultivated mind, that lofty determination of character so essential to success in life; and we for one shall look forward to the production of his work with great interest.

How Hill and Stephens Shook Hands.

[Augusta Chronicle.]
The first advance was made by Mr. Hill, when he ascertained that it would be entirely acceptable. It was made publicly, in the House of Representatives when in session. Mr. Stephens has the most conspicuous place in the House, and just in front of the Speaker's desk, where he wheels his chair around promiscuously. Mr. Hill approached Mr. Stephens, extended his hand, which was warmly grasped in return by the Commoner, and, after the passage of a few kind words on both sides, the grave of five years of hostility, or rather of unfriendly silence, was closed up never more to be disturbed. Mr. Hill is so lofty a character and stands so prominently in the Senate and before the country that he could afford to make the first advance. Nothing in his glorious life was more worthy of him and nothing he will ever do can tarnish the brightness of that memorable scene, when the two illustrious Georgians were true to themselves, their State, their country and their God.

Editor Republican.

I notice in the last issue of the Republican, that you have opened your columns to the farmers for the discussion of subjects, in relation to the preparation of the soil, for the planting and cultivation of crops. I think is a good idea, and if the farmers will respond, will add much to their interest.

I have a new idea of cotton planting that I wish to call the attention of our farmers to.

We are too far north of the cotton belt to make a full crop of cotton; on account of the short duration of the season which is necessary for the proper growth of that plant.

By the new method I think we can make at least two thirds of a crop, save one half of the seed per acre that is generally planted; and be sure of a good stand.

I propose to obtain this by planting the seed at least one month earlier than it is generally planted, say between the 7th and 15th of March. By your land, and put in fertilizers at the same time, just as soon as the vicissitudes of the

lose up the planter so as it will distribute no more than one bushel per acre, perhaps 1 of a bushel would be a sufficient quantity. It would better if the seed be 3 or 4 in. apart.

If they become inundated, it will make no material difference, for the soil being chilled at that period will prevent them from coming up prematurely. At the proper time they will come up from 4 to 6 days sooner, than if covered.

And every seed will come up and look vigorous, and have long shanks, you will not see "Possum Eared" stuff which is too often the case when it has to come through hard ground, or in case it does not come, replant, or have a bad stand. Another good reason for planting such a small quantity of seed, is, that it will continue to grow from the time it comes up, and not be injured from being too thick, which is usually the case.

So by this way of planting, the farmer can give more time and attention to planting and cultivating other crops, by letting his cotton stand longer, without injury.

The only disadvantage in planting a crop this way, is, in chopping it out, it being below the surface. I don't think it a disadvantage either, for the difficulty found in chopping, can be obviated by the use of a top barrow, which will fill up the furrow, and at the same time destroy the vegetation which will then be ready to come up.

I think that a crop planted in the above manner can be cultivated with one half the labor that is required the old way, and I do not think that I would be exaggerating to say one third, if the proper labor saving implements be used. More anon.

C. H. BOWLING.

Editor Republican.—I see by last Republican, that you will allow the farmers of Calhoun a column in your paper weekly. Well suppose we take things in order. This conceded, the next crop in order of business will be turnips. I want to hear from the turnip raisers.

At what time should Ruta Bagas be planted?

What are the best fertilizers for this crop?

How should the soil be prepared?

How cultivated?

When should they be housed, after full grown in the fall?

What variety are most suitable for this section?

I raised a fine crop last season and found them excellent for table as well as stock. I raised some seed this spring that are well matured. I have heard that Ruta Bagas seed would not mature here.

I look on turnips as being a valuable crop, and would like to have the experience of those who have been raising them successfully. More anon.

S. E. DOWDLE.

Mr. Editor:

Will you allow me a little space in your columns to speak of one feature of the Sunday School Convention. All the proceedings were very interesting indeed, and the music was magnificent, we cannot describe it. The selections were very appropriate, and the rendition excellent. All praise is due to the young people of Jacksonville, for the splendid music furnished by them during the Convention. We have often heard of Mrs. Wyly's musical talent, but we were totally unprepared for such music as we listened to upon this occasion. It was far superior to anything we have ever heard in a town the size of yours. We are informed that it was under the exclusive direction of Mrs. Wyly, and it certainly sustained her high reputation as a musician. It would have reflected the very highest honor upon the choir of any church in any city. Your town is surely blessed with musical talent, for we have rarely found so many fine voices in one choir, with such fine musical talent among the young people and, with the assistance and under the direction of Mrs. Wyly, we feel warranted in asserting, that no town in Alabama under, five thousand inhabitants, can form such a choir as the one in attendance upon the Convention.

VISITOR

A SPECIMEN OF MODERN EXEGESIS.

(Birmingham Dart.)
The following hits off pretty fairly the way in which some discourses are constructed:

"Brethren, the words of my text are—

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone,

But when she got there the cupboard was bare.

And so the poor dog had none."

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning and attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our everyday life:

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone."

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention made of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No, she went to the

did not hop, or skip, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely 'went' to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we further see that she was poor. For, mark the words are 'the cupboard.' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor, but just the cupboard. The one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed.

And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel or feasts, or any other attribute of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar, to open it for that poor dog.

"But when she got there the cupboard was bare.

"And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there! You see dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings or twistings, no slippings, and slidings, no leaning to the right or falterings to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare! It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges nor cheese, cakes nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow and the glorious load star of the poor dog, was bare, had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunters the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul,

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry: 'The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow whom thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned a cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoundrels of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none!' And then at this point our informant ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

"Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the interior fate of old Mother Hubbard—the poor dog—the cupboard—or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining some where else? Ah! no my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do—if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curvetting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be; let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text;

"And so the poor dog had none."

A CURIOUS LAKE.

In Colorado is a ten acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produced thirty or forty bushels to an acre. If any one will dig a hole to the depth of a spade handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line, fish four or five inches long can be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black mud in its nature, and in all probability was at one time

which has increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse.

While harvesting, the field hands catch great strings of fish by punching a hole through the earth. A person on his heels and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him.

Any one having the strength to drive a rail through this crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether. The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness, and the least rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up, "has not the body an outlet?" Although brackish, the water tastes as, if fresh, and is evidently not stagnant. Yet these fish are eyeless, and scaleless—similar to those found in caves.

STATE OF ALABAMA,
Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said county.
Special term, July 19th 1879.

This day came J. M. Moody, admr of the estate of W. G. Moody, dec'd, and filed his accounts and vouchers for a partial settlement of his administration thereof.

It is ordered that the 15th day of August, 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.

July 26—31.

Ask Yourself these Questions.

Are you a despondent sufferer from Sick Headache, Habitual Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart? Have you Dizziness of the Head? Is your Nervous System depressed? Does your Blood circulate badly? Have you a Cough? Low Spirits? Coming up of the food after eating? &c. &c. All of these and much more are the direct results of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and Indigestion. Green's August Flower is now acknowledged by all Druggists to be a positive cure. 2,400,000 bottles were given away in the U. S. through Druggists to the people as a trial. Two doses will satisfy any person of its wonderful quality in curing all forms of indigestion. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cts. Sold positively by all first-class druggists in the United States.

HOW TO FORECAST THE WEATHER.

The publisher of the Southern Age will shortly issue a pamphlet containing his method of weather prediction, so that any one can tell as readily as himself predict the changes that may occur each month, and also forecast the character of the seasons. Price of Pamphlet, when delivered, 15 cents. Subscriptions taken at this office.

Do we Believe in Witchcraft?

"I take the position that we do not, in its broad sense," said a gentleman of years and experience; "and yet we find many of the present day carrying a Buckeye in their pocket through a kind of superstition, when they might be relieved by a few applications of Tabler's Buckeye Ointment." This Ointment is made from the Buckeye, and is recommended for nothing else but Piles. Try it. It will cure you. Price, 50 cents per bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

FOR THE CURE OF Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone some thing which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The Genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signature of DR. C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

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Will give all business their most careful attention. Consequents of cotton solicited.

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—DEALER IN—
WILCOX & WHITE
Clough and Warfen.
AND OTHER ORGANS.

Vose & Sons, Kraulich & Bach, Ravan & Co.,
and other Pianos.
Pianos & Organs for Exchange or Rent.
Sheet Music, Music Books, Stationery, Books, Periodicals, &c.
Orders by Mail promptly filled.

Queensware at Wholesale.
French China in Sets or by the single piece.

SILVER PLATED GOODS
Fine and CHEAP Table knives & Forks, Tin-ware, Wooden-ware, Glass-ware, Lamps, and Lampfixtures.
Orders solicited from merchants. We will duplicate any bill that can be bought in America.

J. B. CARBER & Co.
China Hall, Rome, Ga.
Jan 28—3m.

POSTPONED.
SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of one writ issued from the circuit court of Calhoun county, and to me directed, in favor of John Ross, executor of F. Ross deceased, and against E. G. & I. G. Morris, I will sell at the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door, in the town of Jacksonville Calhoun county, Ala., within the legal hours of sale, on the first Monday in Aug, being the 4th day of Aug, the following described property, to-wit:

Commencing at the southeast corner of Sec. 3, township 16, range 9—east in Calhoun Land District—thence south 85 degrees, west 38 poles, to a stake, thence north 44 degrees, east 55 poles to a stake, crossing the creek 40 poles from the southeast corner of the lot, thence north 85 degrees, east 98 poles, to a stake, crossing the creek 40 poles from the northwest corner—thence south 44 degrees, east 85 poles, to the beginning corner, containing 52 acres more or less, with all the improvements thereon, lying upon the property of E. G. & I. G. Morris, to satisfy said writ.

Postponed by order of Plaintiff's Attorney from 1st Monday in June to above date.

D. Z. GOODPATRICK, Sheriff.

July 12th—31.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY
Just Published, in a Sententious Envelope—Price six cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Syphilis, Gonorrhea, or Spontaneous Emissions, Induced by Self-abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Piles; ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the Green Book, &c.

The world renowned author, in the admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and with out dangerous surgical operations, leeches, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, can cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents and two postage stamps. Address the Publishers, THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box, 4586.

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try to sell only thoroughly useful and first class works, and for our liberal terms on the famous Dr. W. W. HALL'S Great Family Medical Book.

HEALTH—HOME
by far the best out, and one with which Agents succeed better and longer than on any other for the way of making money for all the part of pure time, write to STANDARD PUB. HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

CALHOUN NURSERY.
We the undersigned citizens of Calhoun county Alabama, take pleasure in recommending to the public, Mr. J. W. Bradley, "an old citizen of our county," as a man of undoubted truth and veracity—one who may be fully relied upon as to any statements he may make, presenting to the public, the laudable business of his choice.

He has founded in this county a Fruit Nursery, and has been uniting in his efforts to make it a success, by the selection of choice fruits, and such only as best suits this climate, which object has been to a very great extent attained. He is now able to offer to the public, choice fruits already acclimated. We have fruit trees from his nursery, and find that they come fully up to his recommendations, and especially the "genuine Shockley," a Winter apple of fine quality, which suits this climate admirably. His great object and aim is to stock the Southern country, and especially Alabama, with choice fruits, well adapted to our climate, from a "home nursery."

Jacksonville, Ala., April 29 1879.
L. W. CANNON, Probate Judge
J. M. PATTERSON, Co. Com.
G. B. DODD, Clerk Circuit Court.

Rev. B. D. TURNER,
W. B. DODS, Esq.,
A. WOODS, Esq. Judge of Probate.
First-class fruit trees, 25 cts each,
Two year old trees 15 cts each,
One year old trees 10 cts each,
Plum and the grape vine,
I will be around and engage this fall, and deliver at some convenient point.

J. W. BRADLEY.

Taken in the Act.
Sister Jones called on Elder Smith a few evenings since. Being a next door neighbor she entered his study unannounced, and was greatly shocked at seeing him taking a drink from a suspicious looking bottle. He noticed her look of inquiry, and said: "This, Sister Jones, is Tabler's Portwine, or Vegetable Liver Powder, the only remedy I have ever found for the many troubles arising from a disordered Liver."

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Vose & Sons, Kraulich & Bach, Ravan & Co.,
and other Pianos.
Pianos & Organs for Exchange or Rent.
Sheet Music, Music Books, Stationery, Books, Periodicals, &c.
Orders by Mail promptly filled.

Queensware at Wholesale.
French China in Sets or by the single piece.

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Postponed by order of Plaintiff's Attorney from 1st Monday in June to above date.

D. Z. GOODPATRICK, Sheriff.

July 12th—31.

Jersey Cattle.

My young prize bull, TUMBLAW, BOY, (No. 2886 American Jersey, Head Reg- ister) will be permitted to serve a few (few) cows, Terms—\$100 dollars cash, good cows, Terms—\$100 dollars cash. His dam, Lilla Ray, is a record of 3249, A. J. H. (has a record of sixteen pounds of butter a week).

I have for sale two pure bred bull calves, prices reasonable. Grade Jersey hater commanded seventy five dollars cash at the West cattle sales in Tor. A few extra well bred Berkshire pigs and young sows for sale.

June 28—31.

SPRINGVALE STOCK FARM.
JAMES CROOK,
—BREEDER OF—
Thorough-bred Merino
Sheep, Angora Goats,
Herd Registered
Jersey Cattle,
Berkshire and Essex
Hogs,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

W. W. HARRISON, R. G. BORDEN.
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June 28—31.

Attachment Notice.
Rowan, Dean & Co.
Vs.
Henry Burroughs.

Whereas, Rowan, Dean & Co., having applied to the undersigned, J. J. Skelton, Justice of the Peace, in and for Bert No. 1, county of Calhoun and State of Alabama, in due form of law, for an attachment against the property of Henry Burroughs, and having obtained the same. And whereas it appears to me that the said Henry Burroughs is not a resident of this State; and that he resides in Perryville, Perry county, Arkansas.

Now the said Henry Burroughs is hereby notified of the pendency of said attachment, that the same has been levied on the property of said Henry Burroughs; and that if the said Henry Burroughs does not appear before me, at my office in the town of Jacksonville Calhoun county, Alabama, on

From the Honorable Thompson

[illegible][illegible]